

A SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION

SUPER STAG OMNIBUS

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INTRODUCTION

This book contains a compilation of American stag party humor, songs and limericks that have demonstrated an ability to withstand the test of time. They permeate our culture to such an extent that it is proper to classify them as Folklore. They stem from obscure origins but show an amazing ability to endure with only minor inconsistencies from generation to generation. The American Folklore Society has conducted a great deal of research in this area and much of the material has appeared in their publication, *The Journal of American Folklore*. The Archive of Folk Song of the Library of Congress contains a large collection as does many public and university libraries including: Harvard University, Columbia University, the New York Public Library, etc. We are grateful for the wide assistance granted us in the preparation of this book.



A lad from Mahtomedi whose intentions were strictly honorable, was contemplating matrimony. He wanted to propose but didn't know how, so he went to his Dad for advice.

"Well, son," said the old man, "I don't know that I can help you much. With me and yer Ma it happened one Sunday evening when yer Ma and me was a-sittin' there on the sofa. We was just a-talkin' and purty soon yer Ma leaned over and whispered something in my ear and I just said, 'The hell you say,' and the next day we was married."

"Do you know what they call the man who doesn't believe in birth control?"

"No, what?"

"DADDY".

She sat opposite him on the desolate train looking sad and lonely. He read his magazines for a while, then his chivalry got the best of him. "Excuse me, miss," he asked, "would you like to take a look at my *Cosmopolitan*?"

"Sir," she replied, "if you dare try, I'll scream!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines an efficient nurse as one who can make a patient without disturbing the bed.

The mother got on the train with her six children and when the conductor came by for her tickets, she explained, "Those two are 12 and have to pay full fare, but these two are eight and the other two six-and-a-half, so they only pay half rate."

The conductor scratched his head and as he punched her tickets, he said: "Excuse me for asking, madam, but do you get two every time?"

"Oh, no," she said. "Sometimes we don't get any at all."

"All right lady," said the bill collector, "how about the next installment on that couch?"

The lady shrugged. "Better than having to give you money, I guess."

Andy: Now what's the baby crying for?

Sue: I suppose he's hungry.

Andy: And that's making him cry so loud?

Sue: The little rascal will get his bottle or bust.



COMPETITION

An occasional amateur night has to be expected, but care must be taken, as often, if given an inch, these novices will take it all . . .



ESTIMATES

The experienced girl has found that contrary to common belief all men are not created equal, and that caution should be taken in figuring each job . . .

Problems of a Working Girl



SHOPLIFTERS

A girl has to be on the alert for these guys, as they're likely to bruise the merchandise . . .

OVERWORKING

A girl soon learns that knowing just when to close shop for the day is very important. Once she has sold out it's impossible to replenish the stock . . .

A lion tamer had quit without notice and the circus manager needed someone to replace him for the next night's show. He put an ad in the local paper and the next morning two applicants showed up outside his office. One was a rather ordinary looking young man and the other a ravishing red-headed beauty. Neither one of them looked very much like a lion trainer, but the manager was desperate.

"All right," he said, "here's a whip, a chair and a gun. Let's see what you can do with Big Leo over there. We'll let you have the first try, miss, but be careful—he's a mean one."

The ravishing red-head strode past the whip, the chair and the gun, and empty-handed, fearlessly entered the cage.

Big Leo rose, snarling, then came charging across the cage towards her with a ferocious roar. When the lion was almost upon her, the girl threw open her coat. Underneath she was stark naked. Leo skidded to a stop and crawled the rest of the way on his belly; he nuzzled the girl's feet with his nose, purred, and licked her trim ankles.

The astonished circus manager grinned happily and turned to the pop-eyed young man. "Well, young fella," he said, "think you can top THAT?"

"Yeah," panted the applicant, "Just get that stupid lion out of there."

In preparing Johnny for school, his mother had shortened a pair of his pants. In school, the teacher inspected their fingernails each day, and one day, she said, "Johnny, you should push your cuticle back." Johnny frowned and said, "I told mama she cut my pants off too short."

Mr. Egghead the Sales Manager made a hurried trip to the latrine. After a while he noticed to his dismay that the supply of toilet tissues was completely exhausted.

He continued to wait in the hope that someone would soon come along that could help him. Sure enough one of the salesmen came in and he asked if he had anything in his briefcase which might serve the purpose.

The salesman searched; couldn't find anything but razor, knives, and other metal objects, so he said, "Gee, I'm sorry, boss, I don't have my catalogue with me."

To which the resourceful Egghead replied, "Well, in that case, can you let me have two 5's for a ten?"

"My girl used to be quite an athlete but no more. She took a tramp into the woods and before long her stomach was on the bum."

Allan and Bruce were room-mates in a dormitory of a small college on Long Island. They were studying one night, when Bruce suddenly looked up and said: "Listen, Allan, I sure wish you'd get me a date in New York. After all, you manage to go over there practically every Saturday night."

"Yes, but I . . ."

"Aw come on, tell me what it's like."

"Well, there's really nothing much to tell about. I get to the house about 7:30, and her parents are almost always leaving when I come in. So the two of us just sit there and watch television for awhile, and lots of times I like to raid the ice-box . . ."

"What then, what then, huh?"

"Let me see now; at ten o'clock I tell her to get undressed and hop into bed . . ."

"You old devil! YOU really know how to pick 'em, don't you?"

"I sure do, and I get 75 cents an hour, too."

"S-s-seventy-five cents an hour just for dating somebody?"

"Dating hell, I'm a babysitter!"

A city fellow bought a place in the country recently and was going to raise livestock, but when he arrived at his farm, all he found was a large, ancient sow. "Hell of a note", he muttered and stamped off to the general store. The storekeeper was sympathetic and volunteered that he should breed his sow with Farmer Jones' boar, and soon he'd be in the livestock business.

"Great idea," said the slicker.

So he loaded his sow into a wheelbarrow and took her to Farmer Jones'. The next morning he rushed out of bed and looked in the pigpen, but no piglets. Disgusted, he went back to the store, and the storekeeper tolerantly recommended Farmer Smith's boar.

Once again the sow was loaded in the wheelbarrow and taken down the road, and once again the next morning the slicker found no piglets. This routine went on for a week, and finally on the eighth day, the slicker refused to get out of his warm bed in the early morning. Rolling over to his wife, he said, "look out the window and see if there are any piglets in the pen."

His wife looked. "There aren't any piglets in the pen," she said, "but the sow is back in the wheelbarrow."

He went to see his little sweetie

She pulled down the shade.

They sat upon the piano bench,

And played, and played, and played.

The meanest guy in the world is the restaurant proprietor who goes around pinching the waitresses' tips.

A bachelor is a man who has no children — to speak of!

A week before the wedding the young girl came to her mother in tears. "I'm so afraid about getting married," she said. "I'm afraid I won't be able to please my sweetheart."

Her mother, who wanted to make the girl's trials easier, undertook to explain to her the secrets of married life. With some hesitation, she began to explain to the girl what she would have to go through.

"Oh, that doesn't bother me, mother," said the daughter. "I can love all right, but I can't cook."

A girl can be very sweet when she wants.

A chap was rowing down the Thames on Sunday when he lost one of his oars and drifted out to midstream. He tried to paddle with the other but found it difficult. Just then, coming downstream he noticed a boat with a man and two women in it, all rowing.

"I say," he shouted across the water, "lend me one of your oars."

The other man looked up indignantly. "They're not 'ores," he protested. "They're me mother and sister."

Joe Pavedick says: "It's cute little calves that make men horse around."

The latest styles in bathing suits at the French Riviera resort consist of two Band-aids and a cork.

It was New Year's Eve, and the house was brightly decorated with sprigs of holly and mistletoe. Only the clicking of Grandma's knitting needles broke the silence. The children, Polly, eight and Janice, six, were seated before the roaring fireplace leafing through a picture book. Then they rose and went over to Grandma's rocker. Polly climbed up on the arm of the chair, and Janice snuggled into Grandma's warm lap.

"Tell us a story, Grandma," Janice pleaded.

"Oh," said the old lady putting aside her knitting and wrapping her arms about the children, "what should I tell you about?"

Little Polly's voice came gently, "Tell us about the time you were a whore in Chicago."

"How did you get that black eye?"
"I was calling on a gal last night, and we were in her parlor, dancing, while the radio was playing, and her old man came in, and the bastard is deaf."

Three old men were discussing the ideal way of dying. The first, aged 75, said he'd like to crash in a car going 80 miles per hour. The second, 85, said he'd take his finish in a 400 mph plane. "I've got a better idea," said the third, aged 95. "I'd like to be shot by a jealous husband."

During the stay of a small circus in a little town down South, a particular violent electric storm caused the single elephant of the outfit to "stampede". Next morning, bright and early, the town constable got a call.

"Come out immediately," an excited feminine voice was heard to say, "there is a huge animal of some kind in my garden, and he's pulling up my cabbage with his tail."

"What's he doing with the cabbage?" questioned the officer.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," came back the answer.

Private Andreyovitch rejoined his Russian infantry battalion after a vacation in Moscow. "What's the first thing you did when you saw your Petrushka?" asked his pal Ivan.

"I won't tell you that," answered Andreyovitch, "but I will tell you the second thing I did."

"What was that?" asked Ivan.

"I took off my skis," said Andreyovitch.

During the war one of the navy officers' wives was on an inspection tour of a large navy base and was being shown through the Mess Hall by a Chief Petty officer. They paused in front of one of the large baking ovens.

A sailor was busily rolling dough and taking small portions and pressing them on his belly button and carefully placing them in a huge baking pan.

One of the group leaders remarked that it was quite a strange procedure and wondered what in the world he could be doing. The Chief informed her he was making cookies.

She said: "Well, that is about the funniest thing I have ever seen."

The Chief promptly informed her if she thought that was funny she should have been there the day before and seen him making do-nuts!

BLESS 'EM ALL (Song Classic)

CHORUS

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long, the short, and the tall,
There'll be no promotion this side of the ocean,
So cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Well we sent for the Army to come to Tulagi,
But General MacArthur said, "No",
And this is the reason, this isn't the season,
Besides, you've got no USO.

CHORUS

Well, we sent for the Navy to come to Tulagi,
The dear little Navy agreed,
In ten thousand sections from eighteen directions,
Oh Lord, what a screwed up stampede.

CHORUS

Then we sent for the Air Force to come to Tulagi,
The Air Force appeared on the scene,
And they bombed out two donkeys, five horses, three monkeys,
And seven platoons of Gyrenes.

CHORUS

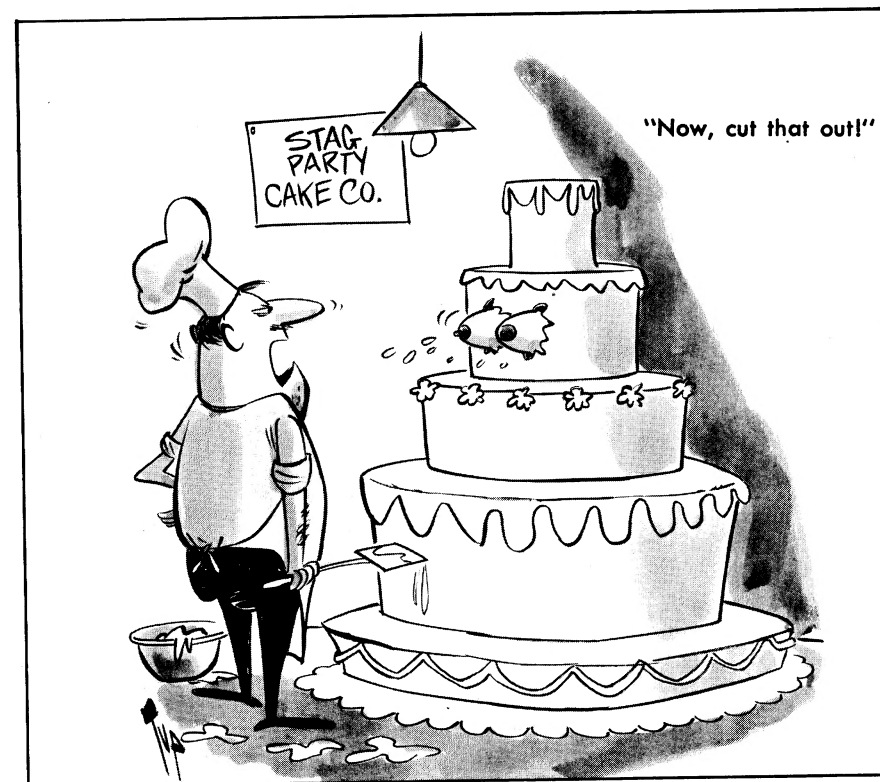
Then we sent for the Coast Guard to come to Tulagi,
And waited for them to appear,
They sent back a letter, "We like it here better,
But, maybe we'll make it next year."

CHORUS

Then we sent for the Nurses to come to Tulagi,
The Nurses, they made it with ease,
Their arse on the table, each bearing this label,
"Reserved for the Officers, Please."

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long, the short and the tall,
Bless all the Sergeants and Corporals too,
Bless all the Privates and above all, bless you,

For we're saying goodbye to them all
As back to our foxholes we'll crawl,
There'll be no promotion this side of the ocean,
So cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.





"A customer just came in, Flo . . . can you hold the phone for about two shakes of a lambs' tail?"



"You all know that game where you try to pin the tail on the donkey. Well, this is a slightly new version!"

The boss of a medium-sized office hired a steno who was out of this world. She had looks, personality and clothes. After looking at her for a few weeks, the boss, a married man, decided that he was going to take her out some night. He approached her and asked if she would like to celebrate his birthday with him at some secluded night spot. She said she would have to think about it.

The next day she consented to go, but offered they go to her apartment. To himself, as any other normal man would have commented, "Better than I planned."

The night of his birthday they went to her apartment and had cocktails, appetizers, dinner, and some drinks. After a short time she said: "I'm going to my bedroom, honey, and you can come in five minutes." After five minutes were up the boss disrobed. He knocked on the bedroom door. The voice from behind the door in a sweet tone said, "Come in." A twist of the doorknob and the door swung open — only to find the rest of the office force singing "HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!"

* * *

The difference between a married man and a bachelor is that when a bachelor walks the floor with a babe in his arms he's trying to sober her up.

* * *

The young lady was permitted by her parents to come to the big city and live in her own apartment. The one condition above all others was that she was not to allow gentlemen friends into her apartment because that would worry her Mother no end.

During a long distance telephone conversation, daughter described the date of the previous evening to her mother.

"You didn't permit that man in your apartment, did you?" questioned her alarmed mother.

"Oh, no," answered the Daughter, "we went to his apartment. Let his mother worry."

* * *

Mary had an aeroplane
In it she loved to frisk
Wasn't she a silly girl
Her little *

* * *

I remember in a certain office where I was employed a man who suddenly turned to me with unaccountable vehemence and cried: "How is one to live? I am looking for it all day and she has been sitting on it all the time!"

* * *

STORK: Bird that gets charged with a lot of things which should be blamed on a lark.

Once upon a time there was an ABC man and when he died he was sent straight to Hell. Arriving there he was met by one of the head demons who was to hand-out his punishment. The Demon said: "I will take you past three rooms. You may not look in. You can pick whichever room in which you wish to spend eternity, but once you choose and open the door, that's the one you get."

They entered a long corridor and soon came to the first door. From within came horrible cries and groans.

"Certainly they can't all be this bad," said the man, "I won't take this one."

At the second door, all that could be heard was the sound of rattling chains, snapping whips, and crunching sounds.

"I don't want this one either" said the ABC man.

"Very well," said the demon, and they moved to the third door. The man listened carefully there and heard what sounded like the murmur of refined conversation.

"This doesn't sound like a bad way to spend eternity," said the man, "I'll take this one."

The demon smiled and opened the door. Inside was a large pit filled to the brim with ordure and containing a number of persons submerged to their lower lip. Each one was saying in a refined and quiet voice: "Don't make waves . . ."

* * *

Then there's the case of the sweet young thing who decided she'd rather be a young man's slave than an old man's darling, with the explanation that she hated the thought of feeling old age creeping up on her.

* * *

A farmer was once phoning a veterinarian.

"Say, Doc," she said, "I've got a sick cat. He just lays around licking his paws and doesn't have any appetite; what shall I do for him?"

"Give him a pint of castor oil," instructed the vet.

Somewhat dubious, the farmer forced the cat to take a pint of castor oil.

A couple of days later the vet met the farmer on the street.

"How's your sick calf?" inquired the vet.

"Sick calf! That was a sick cat I had."

"My God, did you give him a pint of castor oil?"

"Sure did."

"Well, what did he do?" asked the vet.

"Last I seen him," said the farmer, "he was going over the hill with five other cats. Two were digging; two were covering up; and one was scouting for new territory."

A recent survey conducted at a sporting house revealed the patrons to be men of mixed nationalities.

The one going in was—RUSSIAN

The one coming out—FINNISH

The one in back yard—MEXICAN

PEON

And the one upstairs—HIMALAYAN

* * *

Arthur: "Who was that bow-legged girl I saw you with this morning?"

Jay: "That was the knock-kneed girl you introduced me to last night."

* * *

A young lady's definition of "like" and "love": "If I likes 'em I lets 'em but if I loves 'em I helps 'em."

* * *

Two lobbyists met at a party in Washington. "How's business?" one asked the other.

"Well, you know how it is," said the other. "This business is like sex. When it's good it's wonderful. When it's bad—it's still pretty good."

* * *

Mary had a little swing,

Not very hard to find;

Everywhere that Mary went,

The swing was on behind.

* * *

She: Does your husband still find you entertaining?

Her: Not if I can help it.

* * *

THE GIRLS FROM CAMPUS HALL

(Song Classic)

We go to college, to college go we.

We never lost our virginity.

We might have lost it; if only they forced it.

We are from Campus Hall.

We go to college, each Christmas dance.

We don't wear bras and we don't wear pants.

We like to give the freshman a chance.

We are from Campus Hall.

We go to college, we have our fun.

We know exactly the way it is done

We saw the movies in Hygiene A-1

We are from Campus Hall.

We go to college, don't we have luck.

We do our work without asking a buck.

Come out sometime boys; you may be in luck.

We are from Campus Hall.

We go to college, we can be had.

Don't take our word boys, ask dear old dad.

He brings his buddies for graduate studies.

We are from Campus Hall.

* * *

Martha: But I don't want to become one of the Sultan's wives. Ali Baba told me he treats them all real mean.

Vincent: Nonsense, Martha. You'd enjoy becoming one of his harem. He has nine wives already and I'll admit he picks on one occasionally, but the other eight have it pretty soft.

* * *

"I warned my sister not to marry Lawyer Purdy. I told her all he liked to do was talk, talk, talk! But she wouldn't listen to me. However, I must say my sister's not afraid to admit she made a mistake. She told me that all her husband did during their honeymoon was jabber, jabber, jabber."

* * *

A Frenchman and an American were discussing love in America. "In France," said the Frenchman, "there are 118 ways of making love." The American replied, a little sadly, "well, I only know four. Let's see. There's the old fashioned way..."

"Ah," interrupted the Frenchman, "that makes 119!"

* * *

A Hollywood producer, furious with the temperamental star, who was a singer and very cheery, completely lost his temper. Pointing his finger in the direction of the singer's bosom he screamed in rage, "Oh if those were only brains!"

* * *

One day during a war, a tall, strong and handsome Roman soldier broke into a house where he found two luscious maidens and their matronly nurse.

Chuckling with glee, he roared, "Prepare thyselfes for a conquest, my pretties."

The lovely girls fell to their knees and pleaded with him, "Do with us as thou wilt, O Roman, but spare our faithful old nurse."

"Shut thy mouth," snapped the nurse. "War is war."

* * *

Men aren't attracted to me by my mind. They're attracted by what I don't mind.

* * *

BACHELOR—Somebody who comes and goes.

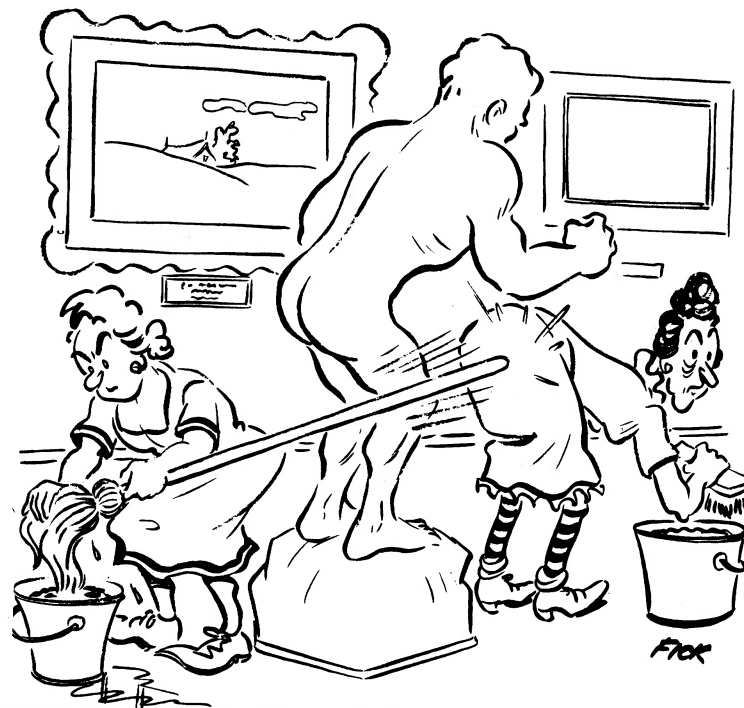
* * *

George was trying to convince his buddy Hank that the new girl in town was better than any of her predecessors. "I tell you, Hank, this girl is as good as my own wife."

"That so?" Hank asked. "All right. Let's go over there."

So they went to see the Jenny-come-lately, and they paid for a visit. On the way out Hank was asked for his opinion.

"Well, he said, 'she's good, all right, but not as good as your wife.'"



"and you told me you were a vegetarian."



"I'll bet you can't wait to get those stitches out . . .?"



"I said, put it back!"

There is the story of a worm meeting another worm coming up from the ground who said, "You're pretty, I'd like to marry you!"

Whereupon the other worm said, "Don't be a dope, I'm your other end."

They tell of a soldier who got married just before taking his furlough. In sending him off on his honeymoon, his buddies kidded him on the superior knowledge of his spouse, and asked him to let them know how he got along. After a few days they got the following wire: "Flunked all the tests but French."

The little old lady was taking her first ocean voyage. A huge whale was sighted, and as the ship's passengers crowded the rails, sure enough the whale spouted — terrifically.

She gasped.

"It looks to me like it could at least quit laying on its back and showing off like that," she fumed as she sped toward her stateroom.

A check given to Blondie by her sugar daddy in the early stage of a party, came back from the bank marked: "Insufficient fun."

The dumb draftee was on guard duty for the first time. A lieutenant approached him.

Draftee: "Halt! who goes there?"

Lieutenant: "This is Lieutenant Jones. Tell me has General Eisenhower come in yet."

Draftee: "Not yet."

Five minutes passed.

Draftee: "Halt! who goes there?"

Lieutenant: "This is Lieutenant Jones. Tell me has General Eisenhower come in."

Draftee: "Not yet."

This continued for about a half hour at ten minute intervals. Finally, a man approached.

Draftee: "Halt! who goes there?"

"This is General Eisenhower," the newcomer replied.

Draftee: "Gee! Are you gonna catch it from the Lieutenant!"

A man who had travelled all over the world was telling his friend that in Turkey he worked for a while in the capacity of chief spitter in the Sultan's harem.

"What in the world," inquired the friend, "is a chief spitter?"

"All I had to do," came the answer, "was to spit on each of the Sultan's wives; when I came to one that sizzled, I would take her in to the Sultan."

. . . And then there is the widow who wears garters in remembrance of those who have passed beyond.

A man rushed into a bar and asked the bartender, who was removing dew from the bar, if he knew of anything that would stop hiccoughs. His answer was a slap across the face with the wet towel. Surprised and furious, the stranger demanded the reason for such action. With a placating grin the bartender replied, "Well, you haven't got any hiccoughs now, have you?" "Hell, I never did have," was the indignant answer. "I wanted something for my wife. She's out in the car."

In the old days we were afraid a girl would take it to heart. Today the fear is that she will take it to court.

Mrs. Harris was taken suddenly ill in the night, and the new doctor was called because he was the quickest available. After a quick look at the patient, the doctor stepped outside the sick room to ask Harris for a corkscrew. Given the tool, he disappeared, but several minutes later was back, demanding a pair of pliers.

Again he disappeared into the room of the moaning patient, only to call out again: "A chisel and a mallet, quickly."

Harris could stand it no longer. "What ails her, Doc, for gosh sakes?"

"Don't know yet," was the reply, "Can't seem to get my instrument bag open."

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it in a cabin quite old and medieval. A rounder espied her and plied her with cider. And now she's the forest's prime evil.

Fifth columnist is groom in four-poster bed.

Lee was sitting in the bar of a downtown hotel. Seated next to him was a gentleman who had definitely had enough and was surveying his empty glass. Something seemed to be decidedly wrong with him and presently he turned to Lee and asked,

"Shay, didjou shpill a glass of beer on me?"

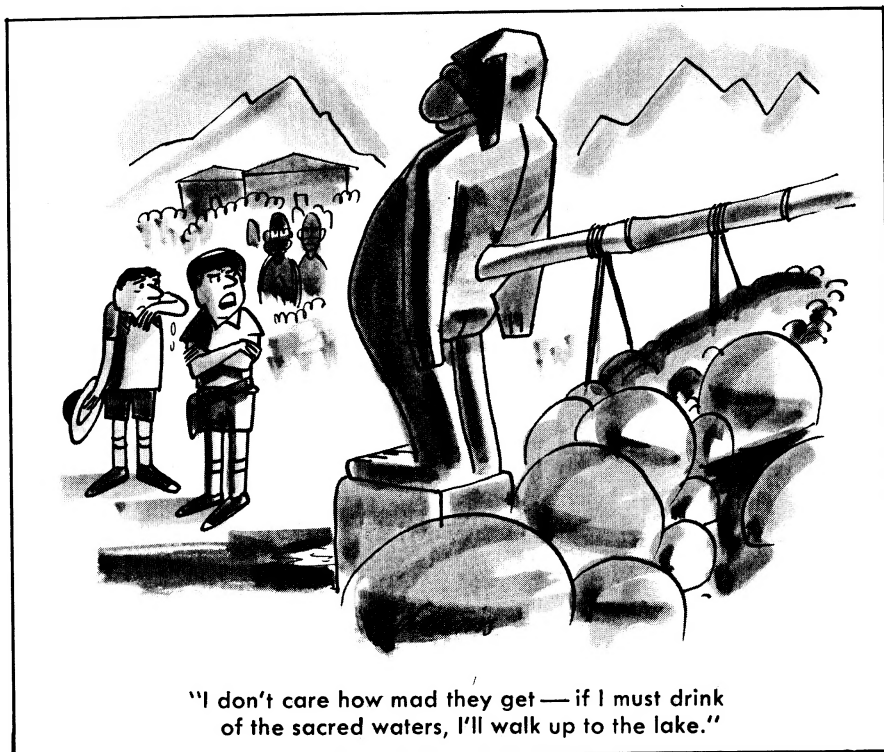
"Certainly not!" answered Lee.

The souse turned to the man on his other side.

"Mishter, didjou by any chance throw a glass of beer in my lap?"

"No!" snapped the man.

The drunk mulled over this information. "Jusht was I been sushspectin'," he declared. "It'sh an inside job!"



"I don't care how mad they get — if I must drink
of the sacred waters, I'll walk up to the lake."

There was a young lady from Wheaton
Whose figure had plenty of meat on.
She said, "Marry me, dear,
And you'll find that my rear
Is a nice place to warm your cold feet on."

* * *

A lady while dining at Crewe
Found an elephant's whang in her stew.
Said the waiter, "Don't shout
Or wave it about,
Or the others will all want one too."

* * *

There's an over-sexed lady named Whyte
Who insists on a dozen a night
A fellow named Cheddar
Had the brashness to wed her —
His chance of survival is slight.

* * *

There was a young lady named Etta,
Who was constantly seen in a swetta.
Three reasons she had:
To keep warm wasn't bad,
But the other two reasons were betta.

* * *

She begged and she pleaded for more.
I said, "We've already had four,
And I'm sure that you've heard,
Though it's somewhat absurd,
That eros spelt backward is sore."

* * *

'Twas there in the Garden of Eden,
When Eve met the snake in his prime,
That she whispered, "Hello,
Slim, long and wriggly,
You must corrupt and sin me sometime!"

* * *

A young violinist from Rio
Was seducing a lady named Cleo.
As she took down her panties
She said, "No andantes;
I want this allegro con brio!"

* * *

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it
In a cabin quite old and medieval.
A rounder espied her
And plied her with cider.
Now she's the forest's prime evil.

* * *

There was a young lady of Exeter,
So pretty that men craned their necks at her.
One was even so brave
As to take out and wave
The distinguishing mark of his sex at her.

* * *

There once was a man from Racine
Who invented a loving machine.
Both concave and convex,
It could serve either sex,
Entertaining itself in between.

* * *

A pansy who lived in Khartoum
Took a Lesbian up to his room.
And they argued all night
Over who had the right
To do what, and with which, and to whom.

* * *

There was a young lady from Thrace,
Whose corsets grew too tight to lace.
Her mother said, "Nelly,
There's more in your belly
Than ever went in through your face!"

* * *

There was a young harlot from Kew
Who filled her vagina with glue.
She said with a grin,
"If they pay to get in,
They'll pay to get out of it too."

* * *

There was a young girl from St. Paul
Who went to a newspaper ball.
Her dress caught on fire
And burned her entire
Front page, sports section and all.

* * *

There was a young lady named Ransom
Who was rogered three times in a hansom.
When she cried out for more
A voice from the floor
Said, "My name is Simpson, not Samson."

* * *

There was a young lady named Twilling,
Who went to her dentist for drilling.
Because of depravity,
He filled the wrong cavity,
And now Twilling's nursing her filling.

* * *

There was a young maid from Madras
Who had a magnificent ass.
Not pretty and pink,
As you probably think,
It was gray, had long ears, and ate grass.

* * *

A remarkable race are the Persians,
They have such peculiar diversions.
They screw the whole day
In the regular way,
And save up the nights for perversions.

* * *

A maid in the land of Aloha
Got caught in the coils of a boa.
And as the snake squeezed,
The maid, not displeased,
Cried, "Come on and do it Samoa."

* * *

A worried young man from Stamboul
Discovered red spots on his tool.
Said the doctor, a cynic,
"Get out of my clinic!
Just wipe off the lipstick, you fool."

* * *

While Titian was mixing rose-madder,
His model posed nude on a ladder.
Her position, to Titian,
Suggested coition,
So he climbed up the ladder and had 'er.

* * *

A broken-down harlot named Tupps
Was heard to confess in her cups:
"The height of my folly
Was diddling a collie—
But I got a nice price for the pups."

* * *

There once was a gangster named Brown,
The sneakiest bastard in town.
He was caught by the G-men
Shooting his semen
Where the cops would all slip and fall down.

* * *

The last time I dined with the King
He did quite a curious thing:
He sat on a stool
And took out his tool
And said, "If I play, will you sing?"

* * *

Mary's lamb I quite detest.
Her choice of pets astound me.
But Mary's calves!
Ah! they're the pets
I love to have around me!

* * *

Mary had a little skirt,
'Twas split just right in front.
And everywhere that Mary went,
She showed her little calf.

* * *

One of the largest meat and poultry
packing firms in the world had its annual
convention in San Francisco some months
back. One of the employees had quite an
amorous romance with a young Oakland
girl during the convention week.

When it was time for him to return to
the plant in the mid-west, he promised the
girl he would come back to her as soon as
he could get away.

However, two weeks later, the girl hap-
pened to be passing through the mid-west
town and attempted to find him. When she
came to the huge packing plant she reported
to the personnel manager.

"Will you please tell Joe McGee that I'm
here," she said to the executive.

"Well, we have three men here by that
name," he advised her. "In order to save me
quite a bit of trouble, will you describe
him to me?"

"Oh, he's short and kind of heavy and
has a thin moustache."

"And does he dress in loud clothes?"

"Yes, he does."

"Ah, then that must be Joe McGee, the
pheasant plucker."

"That's him," nodded the girl. "And he's
a wonderful dancer too."

* * *

We know a cutie who says she has sex
insomnia—just can't keep her thighs closed.

* * *

A pretty young thing bicycled from one
end of town to the other over the roughest
cobblestone streets. "My," she said, "I'll
never come that way again."

* * *

THREE PROMINENT BASTARDS (Song)

CHORUS:

Our parents forgot to get married.
Our parents forgot to get wed.
While the wedding bells chime,
It was always the time,
Our parents were always in bed.

Thanks to our generous parents,
We're rich in the land of the free.
The banker, the broker,
The Washington joker,
Three prominent bastards are we.

Oh the children of the bakers make the
most delicious bread,
And the sons of Casanovas fill the most ex-
clusive beds.
The Flynns and the Bardots and some others
I could name,
Have inherited the features that perpetuate
their fame.

My position in the structure of society I
owe
To the qualities my parents they bequeathed
me long ago.
For my father was a gentleman and musical
to boot,
He used to play the piano in a house of ill
repute.

My mother was the madam and a credit to
her cult.
She liked my father's playing and I was the
result.
So my mother and my father, they're the
ones I have to thank,
I'm Chairman of the Board of the First Na-
tional Bank.

CHORUS:

In a comfy little cottage, in a cozy shady
dell,
A good old fashioned farmer and his
daughter used to dwell.
She was pretty; she was charming; she was
tender; she was mild,
And her habits were such that she was
frequently with child.

Oh the year I met her she attained the
record high.
She became the mother of a little baby,
that was I.
And whenever ma was unhappy I could
always make her grin,
By simply inquiring who my father might
have been.

For such was mother's vigor, and so great
was her allure,
That even Louella or Hedda wasn't abso-
lutely sure.
So I took my mother's ethics and I took my
father's crust,
And arose to be the head of a big invest-
ment trust.

CHORUS

In a sweaty Georgia chain gang on a dusty
southern road,
My late bewailing daddy made his perma-
nent abode.
Now some was there for murder, but
daddy's only fault
Is an overwhelming weakness for criminal
assault.

His philosophy was simple and entirely
free from moral fate.
Seduction is for sissies. A he-man wants
his rape.
So daddy's list of dupes was embarrassingly
rich.
Tho' one of them was mother, he could
never tell which.

Well I've never gone to college, but I got
me a degree,
For I am a picture of a perfect S.O.B.
I'm a debit to the country. I'm a credit to
my dad.
I'm the most expensive Senator this coun-
try ever had.

* * * KAFOOZALEM (Song Classic)

CHORUS

Hi Ho Kafoozalem the harlot of Jerusalem
Prostitute of ill repute—daughter of the
Ba Ba

Come listen to my tale of woe, it happened
many years ago
When women never answered no, way
down in old Jerusalem

CHORUS

Kafoozalem was a silly witch, a warty
whore, a brazen bitch
She causeth all the men to twitch, that
liveth in Jerusalem

CHORUS

There was a sheik both lean and tall whose
manly arts made all to fall
His victims lined the Wailing Wall, that
standeth in Jerusalem

CHORUS

One night while on a spree, his customary
leer he had
Looked down the road and happened to see,
the whorey witch Kafoozalem

CHORUS

With crafty eye and sexy look she led him
to a quiet nook
And to her large bosom took, the pride of
all Jerusalem

CHORUS

But he was too abrupt alas and so he made
a hasty pass
That knocked Kafoozalem to the grass, that
grows in old Jerusalem



CHORUS

But Kafoozalem was overgassed, she arched
her back and loosed a blast
That set him flyin' far and fast sailin' over
Jerusalem.

CHORUS

And when the sun is bright and red, a fly-
ing form sails overhead
He's shouting curses on the bed of that
brazen bitch Kafoozalem.

* * * LEE'S HOOCHIE (Song Classic)

I'll mention a name, please remember it
well,
The name is Lee's Hoochie, God damn it
to hell:
There's a sign at the door says, "All wel-
come in here",
And each Air Force man gets a nice
souvenir.

I went to Seoul City, I met a Miss Lee,
She said, "OK, Fly-boy, you come sleep
with me":
She stayed in Lee's Hoochie, a place with
hot floors,

I left my shoes outside, I slid shut the
doors.

She took off her long johns, she rolled out
a pad,
I gave her ten thousand, 'twas all that I
had:

Her breath smelled of Kimchie, her bosoms
were flat,
Her middle was hairless, now how about
that!

I asked to go benjo, she led me outside,
I reached for Old Smokey, he crawled back
inside:

I rushed to the medics, "What shall I do?"
The Doc was dumbfounded, Old Smokey
was blue.

When you're in Seoul City, whatever you
plan,
Don't go to Lee's Hoochie, sit flat on your
can:

Your can may get calloused before you get
through,
But better the red ass than Old Smokey
blue.

* * *

A shipwrecked sailor was captured by cannibals. Each evening his arm was cut by a dagger and the natives of the island would drink his blood. Finally, one day, he confronted the cannibal chief and pleaded, "You can kill me and eat me if you want to but I'm getting damn sick and tired of always being stuck for the drinks."

* * *

SHE: "Would you rather be an egg or a golf ball?"

HE: "Well, a golf ball if it makes any difference."

SHE: "So, you'd rather be played with."

* * *

Asked if her new boyfriend of last night came up to her expectation, the pretty thing replied: "No, but he did tickle my fancy."

* * *

A teen-age girl stood at the perfume counter shyly reading the labels on bottles displaying such lurid names as "Ecstasy," "Danger," and "My Sin."

"Can I help you?" asked the clerk.

"Well, I don't know," replied the girl hesitantly, "do you have anything for beginners?"

* * *

She was only a communist's daughter, but she saw to it that everybody got his share.

* * *

Man who lose key to girl's apartment get no new key.

* * *

Have you heard of the lawyer who sat up all night trying to break the widow's will?

* * *

The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker—why in the hell can't I?

* * *

Cuddle up a little closer, it's shorter than you think.

* * *

The difference between "stickup" and "holdup" is age.

* * *

Seven days' honeymoon makes a whole week.

* * *

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS (Song Classic)

CHORUS:

Singin' bell bottom trousers and coats of navy blue.

Let him climb the riggin' like his daddy used to do.

Now once there was a waitress in the Prince George hotel

Her mistress was a lady and her master was a swell

They knew she was a simple girl and lately from the farm

And so they watched her carefully to keep her from all harm.

CHORUS:

The forty-second Musaleers came marching into town

And with them came the compliments of rapists of renown

They busted every maidenhead that came within their spell

But they never made the waitress from the Prince George hotel.

CHORUS:

Next came a company of the Prince of Wales Hazahs

They piled into the whore houses and they packed along the bars

Many a maid and mistress and the wife before them fell

But they never made the waitress from the Prince George hotel.

CHORUS:

One day there came a sailor, an ordinary bloke

A bulgin' at the trousers, with a heart of solid oak

At sea without a woman for seven years or more

There wasn't any need to ask what he was lookin' for

CHORUS:

He asked her for a candlestick to light his way to bed

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head

And speakin' very gently just as if he meant no harm

He asked her if she'd come to bed so's just to keep him warm.

CHORUS:

She lifted up the blanket and a moment there did lie

He was on 'er, he was in 'er, in the twinkle of an eye

He was out again, in again, and a plowin' up a storm

But the only words she said to him, "I hope you're keepin' warm."

CHORUS:

Then early in the mornin', the sailor he arose

Sayin', "Here's a two pound note, my dear, for the damage I have caused.

If you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee

If you have a son, send the bastard out to sea."

CHORUS:

And now she sits aside the dock, a baby on her knee

A waitin' for the sailin' ships a comin' home from sea

A waitin' for the jolly tars in uniform

And all she wants to do, my boys, is keep the navy warm.

CHORUS:

* * *



"Man, was it cold last night! You won't believe me when I tell you what happened!"



"I found a beautiful set of prints, Chief, but they're yours."



"Just think what a drab old world this would be if every flower crossed HER legs every time a bee buzzed by."

GUANTANAMO BAY (Song Classic)

At Guantanamo Bay we're confined to our quarters,
We're scratching and sweating, we're waiting for orders,
We're watching the harbors, we're counting the wrecks,
And we're wondering which ship we'll be shipping on next.

At Guantanamo Bay, call her Gitmo for short,
Not much of a base, much less of a port,
One look at the docks, and you know what you're seein'
The Goddammedest hole in the whole Caribbean.

CHORUS

So, hurrah for old Gitmo on Cuba's fair shore,
The home of the cockroach, the flea and the whore,
We'll sing her fair praises and pray for the day
We'll get the hell out of Guantanamo Bay.
Here you pay twenty cents for a bottle of beer,

They call it Hatuey, and it tastes mighty queer,
There's an Indian Chief on the label to show
The Indian sign makes you go, go, go, go.
And the U.S.S. Alaska comes steaming in view
To scrape off her bottom and pick up a crew,
But nary a crewman was fit for the sea,
They's all been on leave, and they all had VD.

CHORUS

Guantanamo City has hundreds of doors,
And every one's jammed with hundreds of whores,
They hang from the windows with stark naked chests.
And knock out your brains with low hanging breasts.
Well, the boys in my outfit are workin' a plan,
We're savin' each nickle and dollar we can,
And we'll buy T.N.T. and one shiny day
We'll blow up this Goddammed Guantamo Bay.

* * *

My goodness, said the grain of wheat,
as she awoke and found herself in a loaf
of bread, I've been reaped.
* * *

"How do you punctuate this sentence:
fun fun fun worry worry worry?"
Answer: "Fun period, fun period, fun
no period; worry, worry, worry."
* * *

The young couple stopped to read the
sign at the front of a justice of the
peace. It said: "You furnish the bride —
we'll do the rest."

Said the bashful groom: "That's hardly
fair."
* * *

The newly-weds checked into a summer
resort hotel and they were assigned the
bridal suite. As they were leaving the
registration desk, the clerk said:

"I hope you have a nice honeymoon,
and don't let anyone play any tricks on
you."

"Don't worry," the bride called back,
"they won't catch us napping!"
* * *

Louise was going steady with a sailor
and decided to have his face tattooed on
her left breast. A romantic touch. Un-
fortunately they broke up. Later, she met
and became engaged to another lad. She
could do no less than to have his face
tattooed on her right breast. But alas, this
engagement went on the rocks. Eventually
she met and married a third man.

On their first honeymoon night, the
groom was puzzled by her extreme modesty.
Poor Louise had no idea how she might
explain the tattooed countenances, but real-
ized that he must know sooner or later,
so she decided to have it out with him.
Much to her surprise, he just laughed
and laughed.

"What's so funny," she said. "I thought
you'd be angry."

"Oh, no," he answered, "I was just
thinking . . . ten years from now, what
long faces they'll have."
* * *

After being dunned for several months,
he wrote the following to the credit de-
partment.

"I regret this bill has been unpaid for
such a long time, but I have gotten mar-
ried and have been away on my honey-
moon. As soon as I get on my feet again
I'll make payment."
* * *

"She hasn't much upstairs — but what
a stairway."

At an isolated part of the beach at
Cannes a beautiful French girl threw her-
self into the sea. A young man off at a
distance noticed it and dashed into the
water to save her, but it was too late.
He dragged the semi-nude body ashore
and left it on the sand while he went in
search of some official. When he returned,
he was horrified to see a man making
love to the corpse.

"Monsieur!" he exclaimed, "that woman
is dead!"

"Sacre Bleu!" muttered the man, jump-
ing up, "I thought she was an American."
* * *

KISS — Uptown shopping for downtown
business.
* * *

The traveling salesman pulled up beside
the farmhouse, hopped out of his car,
leaped onto the porch, and rang the door-
bell. A moment later a beautiful girl with
long brown hair and soft blue eyes an-
swered his ring.

"Boy, I'll bet you're the farmer's daugh-
ter!" exclaimed the salesman.

"No," said the girl. "I'm his mistress."
* * *

The old married couple set two mouse
traps, one by a bag of nuts and another
by a bag of apples, and then they went
to bed. In the middle of the night they
heard the snapping of one of the traps.
The old man went down to investigate and
called upstairs that he had a big one.
"Hey, Father," the old lady called out,
"did you catch him by the apples?"
* * *

I've met many cute lassies, said Jack,
Whose virginity's taken a whack;
But I've never known one
'Neath the moon or the sun
Who ever has wanted it back.
* * *

Stenographer wishes to earn money to
extend vacation. Want daytime free for
the beach but would like to be occupied
nights. Am fast and make few mistakes.
* * *

He was seated in the parlor
And he said unto the light,
"Either you or I, old fellow,
Will be turned down tonight."
* * *

The boy friend likes to see her drink
More than a little bit,
Because she is his flame, I guess
He wants to keep her lit.
* * *

She stood between me and the headlights
Her figure was a pip.
I was able to tell quite plainly, for,
She'd given me the slip.

POOR LITTLE ANGELINE
(Song Classic)

(Poor little Angeline.)

She was sweet sixteen, little Angeline.
Pure and sweet and the cowboys queen,
She never had a thrill, was a virgin still,
Poor little Angeline.

Now the foreman, he was a crut confessed,
The biggest bastard in the whole southwest,
And he set his heart on a vital part
Of poor little Angeline.

Come the County Fair, and the foreman
was there,
He was drummin' and a'comin' in the vil-
lage square.

He chanced to see the dainty little knee
Of poor little Angeline.

As she raised her skirt to avoid the dirt
Skipkin' over the puddles of the foreman's
squirt,
Her thigh he saw, his nerves went raw,
Poor little Angeline.

So he raised his hat and he said, "Your cat
Has been hit by a horse, and smashed quite
flat.
The buggy's in the square, I'll take you
there."

Poor little Angeline.

They had not gone far, when he stopped
to spar

He dragged her into the Horseshoe Bar
And he filled her with Gin to tempt her
to sin.

Poor little Angeline.

When he filled her well, they drove to a
dell
And there he started in to give her hell.
His spirits soared as he jumped aboard.
Poor little Angeline.

Angeline cried, "Rape," as he raised up her
cape
But the poor little thing, there was no
escape

Unless someone came to defend the name
Of poor little Angeline.

Now it can be told that the Blacksmith
bold
Had loved Angeline for years untold.
He was handsome, true and faithful too
To poor little Angeline.

But sad to say, on that very same day
He'd been sent to jail and was there to stay
For coming in his pants at the local dance
With poor little Angeline.

Now the window of his cell overlooked the
dell.

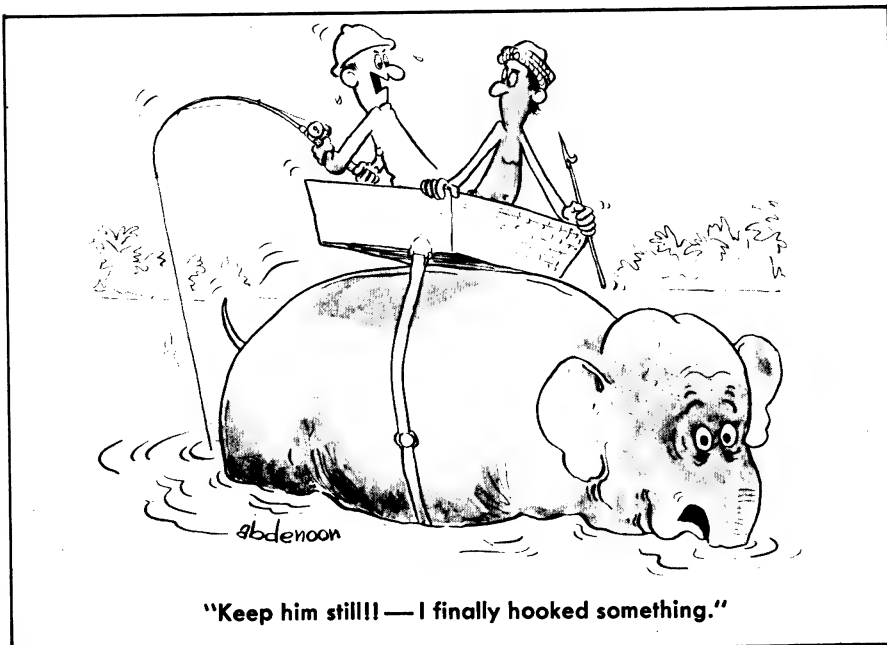
He saw the foreman a'givin' her hell.
He rammed the bars with his massive arse.
Poor little Angeline.

He kicked the foreman square on the butt.
Then he kneed the villain on his low slung
nut

Till he fled the scene with a painful gut
Poor little Angeline.

She said "Darling Blacksmith, I love you."
I see by your trousers you love me too.
I'm still undressed, come do your best.
Poor little Angeline, Poor little Angeline.

* * *



Once upon a time, as the story goes, on
a Christmas eve many many years ago,
Santa Claus made the bizarre error of
descending the wrong chimney into a
brothel. "Won't you stay a while?" purred
one of the girls, her negligee slipping to
the floor.

"I'd better be going," the Old Boy
grunted, clutching his toysack.

"Oh, please stay a while—please?" She
peeled off her stocking.

"But I'm Santa Claus, and I have pres-
ents to deliver," he insisted.

"Surely you can spare me a FEW min-
utes, Santy?" She wriggled toward the
bed.

"Well—," he said finally, "I might as
well, seeing that I couldn't get up the
chimney anyway."

* * *

Three women, with their children, visited
a psychiatrist. The psychiatrist, taking them
on as a group, said to the first, "You
eat too much. It even shows in the nam-
ing of your child, Candy." "You," he said
to the second, "think only of money. You
even named your child Penny." The third
one arose, highly indignant and said, "I'm
leaving. Come on Peter."

* * *

The car stood in the darkness of a
country road, apparently deserted. Direct-
ing the beam from his flashlight onto the
automobile, a State Trooper approached it.
When he came close enough to see inside
the car, he found a couple silently sitting
in the front seat.

"Dead battery?" he asked the man.
"No," the guy replied, glaring at his
girl companion, "flat tire."

* * *

What's the difference between a sweater
girl and a sewing machine?

A sewing machine has only one bobbin.

* * *

Which brings to mind the story of a
young couple driving down a country road.
"Do you want a quickie?" he asked, and
before he could get the cork out of the
bottle she was in the back seat.

* * *

Said the big banana to the little banana
in the old maids' room: "They're going to
eat you."

* * *

INCOMPATABILITY—Two people who
can't stomach each other.

* * *

"Why was there such an increase in the
birth rate during the war?"

"Cause the men were scared stiff and
the women took advantage of it."

HE: Why do all the boys like to go
out with you?

SHE: I give up.

* * *

In closing, let us relate the tale of a
successful period of psychiatric therapy. The
bearded gentleman with the Viennese ac-
cent was telling his patient: "It took uz
t'ree years, but now you are all cured.
Dizz izz der end uff der treadment. You
can go home now."

"Gee thanks, doc," his patient said. "But
before I leave, do me one little favor—
kiss me."

"I tell you dot you're all cured. You're
a healt'y perzon again."

"I know doc, but kiss me."

"You don't seem to understand. I got
rid off all dese crazy idears. You are
cured."

"Sure," his patient persisted, "but just
kiss me."

"Kiss you? I shouldn't even be on der
couch mit you!"

* * *

Little boy passing parents' room—"Ye
Gads! And they sent me to a psychiatrist
for sucking my thumb."

* * *

The sexual urge of the Camel,
Is greater than anyone thinks.
In moments of amorous passion
He often consorts with the Sphinx.
But the Sphinx's posterior passage
Is clogged with the sand of the Nile.
Which accounts for the hump on the Camel,
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

* * *

By the way, we just discovered why so
many babies are neurotic these days. Re-
member, they've just come from nine
months in solitary confinement.

* * *

"He didn't believe in flying saucers until
he goosed a waitress."

* * *

She was only the fisherman's daughter,
but when she saw hubby's rod she reeled.

* * *

Many a girl with an expensive ward-
robe started with just a little slip.

* * *

Then there is the delightful tale about
the bathing beauty that stuttered. She met
a man one day, and he started making
advances. Before she could say "I'm not
that kind of girl," she was.

* * *

HE: "Do you like cocktails?"
SHE: "Why yes, tell one."

✓

THE RED LIGHT SALOON
(Song Classic)

It was early one mornin' I rode in to town
And in sweet recreation I was ridin' around
When I saw this hotel in the early after-
noon
It said on a sign "The Red Light Saloon".

So I bravely walked in and I went to the
bar
Where a lovely young lady said "Have a
cigar"
I took the cigar thanking her for the boon
But she said, "That's how we do at the
Red Light Saloon."

Then she messed up my hair and sat right
on my knee
Said, "You are a logger, it's plain to see."
Said, "You are a lumber-jack that we all
know
For your muscles are strong from your head
to your toe."

She felt to see if my muscles were right
Boy I swallowed that cigar without strikin'
a light
My head it was swellin' like a balloon
From the attention I got in the Red Light
Saloon.

Very early in the mornin' I bid her good-
bye
So I didn't find out till the middle of June
I was carryin' a souvenir of the Red Light
Saloon.

Well I cursed that damn lady till the skies
turned blue
And with booze and broads I swear I am
through
But with all of my cussin' I'd give you the
moon
Just get me back in bed in the Red Light
Saloon.

* * *

TO A WAC
(Song Classic)

If you're nervous in the service and you
don't know what to do,
If you're hurried and you're worried and
'you're feelin' kind o' blue,
If you're bleary and you're weary and you
wish the war was through,
Have a baby on me.

If you're tired of the regimentation,
And you'd like to return to civilization,
I can help you, pretty Wac,
If you'd like to hit the sack,
Have a baby on me.

If you're tired of the color that you're
wearing every day,
And you'd like to dress in violet or even
cruiser grey,
If you'd like to leave the Wacs but you're
afraid they'll make you stay,
Have a baby on me.

If you're tired of the work you're allotted,
And you're looking for a discharge... I've
got it,
You'll be feeling like a million,
And you'll wind up a civilian,
Have a baby on me.

If you're sick of all the mashers with the
stripes along the sleeve,
If you gotta act like Garbo just to get a
weekend leave,
If you're tired of the Adams who've decided
you're their Eve,
Have a baby on me.

Why bother with a two day vacation,
I can get you home for the duration,
You might get a bit distended,
But your troubles would be ended,
Have a baby on me.

* * *

Bill always wanted to go moose hunt-
ing, so he saved up enough money and
went to the North Woods. There he was
outfitted with necessary equipment and the
storekeeper advised him to hire Pierre,
the greatest moose caller in the land.

"It's true," said the storekeeper, "that
Pierre is expensive, but he has a sexy
quality in his call that no moose can
resist."

"How does that work?" asked Bill.

"Well," said the other, "Pierre will spot
a moose at 300 yards, then cup his hands
and make his first call. When the moose
hears that, he'll become excited with
anticipatory desire and approach to 200
yards. Pierre will then call again, putting
a bit more oomph into it, and the moose
will skip with eager glee to a distance of
100 yards. This time Pierre really gives
his call a sexy delivery, prolonging it a
bit, which impels the moose, agitated with
carnal intent, to come up to a point only
25 yards away from you. And that is the
time, my friend, for you to aim and shoot."

"Suppose I miss?" wondered Bill.

"Oh, that would be terrible!" said the
other.

"But why?" asked Bill.

"Because then poor Pierre get mated."

* * *

Twins — Womb mates who eventually
become bosom friends.

* * *

A business tycoon was drinking at a bar
when a girl came in and sat next to him.
He soon propositioned her and offered her
\$1,000 to spend the week-end with him
at his home. Thinking how nice the
\$1,000 would be, she accepted. After the
week-end she asked him for the money
and he said he'd mail a check.

The check came, but it was for only
\$500. So, she decided to call on him at
his office. It was full of people, and not
wanting to embarrass him, she said, "In
regard to that house you rented—I only
received half the rent." The man, catching
on, said, "Oh yes, the house, well, in the
first place you didn't tell me it had been
used. In the second place it was too big,
and in the third place there was no heat."
She then replied saying, "In the first place,
you didn't ask if it had been used. In the
second place it wasn't too big, you just
didn't have enough furniture to fill it,
and in the third place, there was plenty
of heat, you just didn't know how to
turn it on..."

SHE GOT THE \$500.

* * *

And then there was the widow who
told the bachelor: "Take it from me—
don't get married."

Little Billy was having a rather tough
time in school with the arithmetic lessons.
"How much is two and two?" asked
the teacher.

Counting on his fingers, Billy answered,
"Four".

"And how much is three and three?"
countered the teacher.

Once again putting his fingers to work,
Billy arrived at the answer: "Six".

"Billy," shouted the teacher, "you are
cheating by counting on your fingers. Put
your hands in your pockets!"

"Now with your hands in your pockets,
what is five and five?"

A long pause—then a hesitant answer,
"Eleven".

* * *

And the sailor who treated his girls
with wine. He wanted a little port in
every sweetheart.

* * *

A cop approached three drunks on a park
bench. The one in the middle was snoring
peacefully, apparently passed out, but the
two on either side were going through
the motion of fishing, casting out their
lines, jerking them, and reeling them in
swiftly.

The cop watched for a while and then
shook the middle man awake.

"Are these two nuts friends of yours,
buddy?"

The drunk nodded.

"Well, get them out of here and make
it snappy."

The drunk agreed, saluted and began
rowing vigorously.

* * *

There was a farmer who was a cold
dispassionate man. A year after marriage,
he made violent love to his wife after a
sprint across the field. Three years later,
he again sprinted across the field. She
held her arms out expectantly.

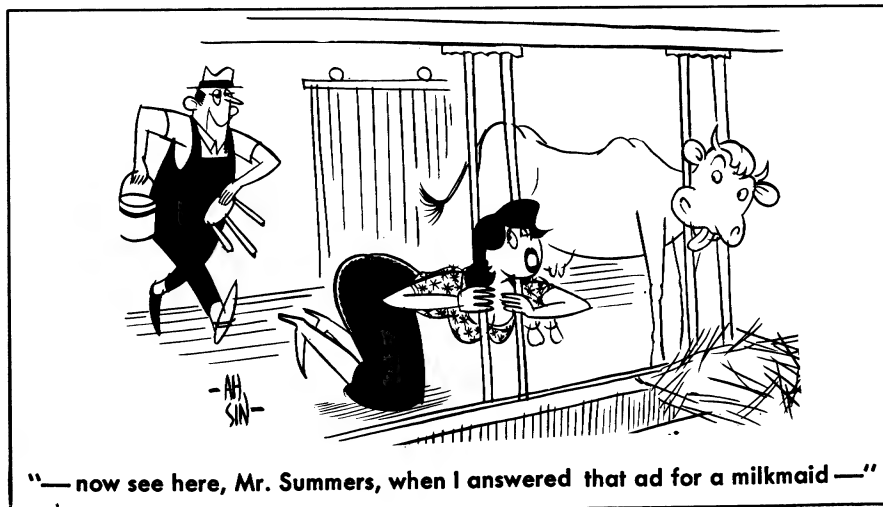
"Sex maniac!" he growled, "there's a
fire in the barn!"

* * *

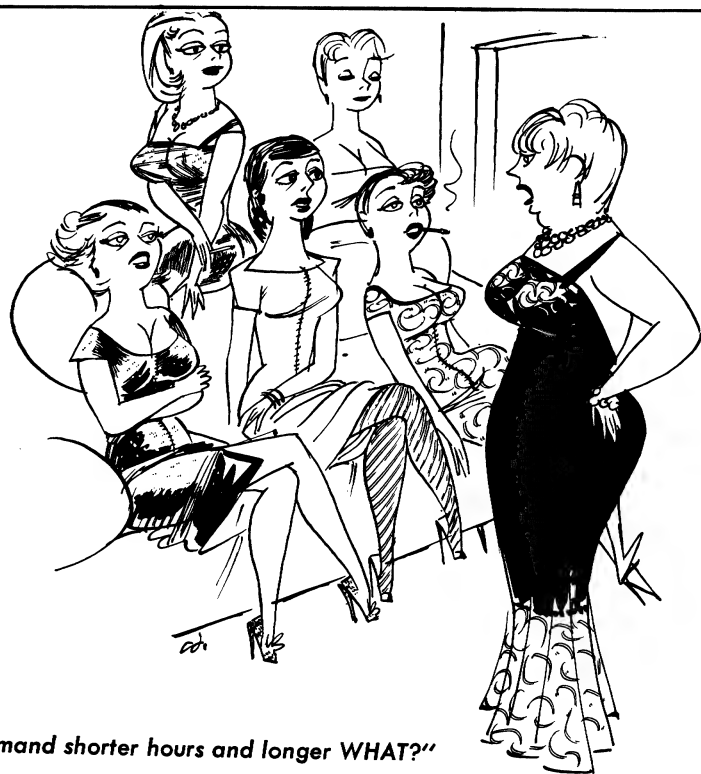
A night worker had let his whiskers
grow until his favorite baseball team won
the pennant, much to the disgust of his
young and pretty wife. On the day his
team clinched the pennant, he laid off
work, got himself a shave, went home
early and slipped into bed. He took his
wife's hand in the darkness and placed
it upon his smoothly shaven face. She
turned slightly while running her fingers
over the now smooth chin and said, "Make
it snappy, kid. Old Whiskers will be home
any minute now."

* * *

Nine out of ten doctors who have tried
Camels prefer women.



"—now see here, Mr. Summers, when I answered that ad for a milkmaid —"



"You demand shorter hours and longer WHAT?"

An American meets an elderly Britisher in a sporting club.

- A: "Care for a game of checkers?"
 B: "No. Tried it once, didn't like it."
 A: "Care for a game of chess?"
 B: "No. Tried it once, didn't like it."
 A: "Care for a game of tennis?"
 B: "No, but my son will play tennis with you."
 A: "Your only child, I presume."

* * *

Psychologist: "I suppose you and your husband worry a lot because you haven't any children."

Shy Bride: "Oh yes, we've spent many a sleepless night over it."

* * *

An old maid had two pet monkeys whom she loved very much. One day one of them died, and shortly afterward the other died too, of a broken heart. Unable to bear the thought of parting with them even in death, she took them to a taxidermist, who asked if she wanted them mounted.

"Oh, no," the lady answered. "Just holding hands."

A young boy and girl came into the movie and took seats just back of an old maid. After a few minutes the girl began to giggle and kept on for some time. The old maid, standing it as long as she could, finally turned to the girl and said, "Young lady, are you feeling hysterical?" The girl giggled a little more and replied, "No, ma'am, he's feeling mine."

* * *

A girl walked up to the information desk in a hospital and asked to see the "uptern."

"I think you mean the 'intern', don't you?" asked the nurse on duty.

"Yes, I guess I do," said the girl, "I want to have a 'Contamination'."

"You mean 'examination'," corrected the nurse.

"Well, I want to go to the fraternity ward, anyway."

"I'm sure," said the nurse, "that you're thinking of the 'maternity ward'."

To which the girl replied loudly, "Up-tern, intern; contamination, examination; fraternity, maternity . . . what's the difference. All I know is I haven't demonstrated in two months and I think I'm stagnant."

* * *

The dean of women was lecturing to a class on the subject of sex morality.

"In moments of temptation, ask yourself just one question: Is an hour of pleasure worth a lifetime of shame?"

One of the girls raised her hand and naively asked: "How do you make it last an hour?"

* * *

It's not the Grey Hair that makes a man old,

Or the far away stare in his eyes so I'm told,

But when mind makes a contract that body can't fill,

Then you're over the hill, Brother, you're over the hill.

You can fool the dear wife with the cleverest lies,

You can shear a young Lamb and pull wool over her eyes,

But if she calls for an encore and you say that you're ill,

Then you're over the hill, Brother, you're over the hill.

When you gaze on a Venus and just heave a sigh,

When you hear a bum joke and you laugh 'til you cry,

When it's all in your head, and you've lost all the thrill,

You're over the hill, Brother, you're over the hill.

Salvage the engine, old boy, if you can, For Lydia Pinkham cannot help a man. You can't make a new man from a little pink pill,

So you're over the hill, Brother, you're over the hill.

This is my story alas and alack, When you've squeezed out the tooth paste, you can't put it back.

So if you want to make whoopee, don't wait until,

You're over the hill, Brother, YOU'RE OVER THE HILL!

* * *

"Most brides are shocked when they hear their first four-letter word — *cook*."

* * *

The trouble with falsies is a girl doesn't know when to blush, scream, slap or say, "ouch."

* * *

Rape is impossible because a girl can run faster with her skirt up than a man can with his pants down.

Little boy and Mom at zoo watching the elephants:

"Mom, what's that thing hanging down from the elephant?"

Mom: "That's his trunk, honey."

Little Boy: "No, no, Mommie, back further!"

Mom: "That's his tail."

Little Boy: "No, no! Up further!"

Mom: "Oh, that's nothing. Ask your father."

LATER — SAME JOKE

L.B.: "Daddie, what's that thing hanging down from the elephant?"

Father: "That's his trunk."

L.B.: "No, no, Daddie, back further!"

Father: "That's his tail."

L.B.: "No, no! Up further! Mommie said it was nothing."

Father: "My son, your mother has been spoiled."

* * *

Up in the frozen Yukon, two trappers stopped at the last out-post to get supplies for the long dark winter. After they had loaded their sleds with flour, canned goods, kerosene, matches and ammunition, they were ready to mush off for six months in the wilds.

"Wait a minute, boys," the storekeeper called to them, "How about taking one of these?" and he showed them a large board curved like an hour glass.

"What is it?" asked one of the trappers.

The storekeeper winked. "It's called a love board. You can hug it when you get lonely."

"We'll take two!" exclaimed the men.

Six months later, one of the trappers, bearded and haggard, returned.

"Where's your buddy?" asked the storekeeper.

"Had to shoot him," muttered the trapper. "Caught him messin' around with my love board!"

* * *

The best way for a wife to get her husband to give up golf is to grab his club every day.

* * *

And then there's the fellow who offered his girl a Scotch and sofa and she declined.

* * *

I want to be naughty and still be nice,
 I want the fun without the price.
 I want the thrill of a long drawn kiss,
 I want the things that good girls miss.
 I want the lights that brightly shine,
 I want the men, I want the wine.

I want the arms and the heart of a man,
 And still stay single if I can.

Now what I want is a little advice,
 On how to be naughty and still be nice.

JANE: There are plenty of couples who never get in parked cars.

JOE: Oh yes, I know — the woods are full of them.

* * *

Bern and Florence were finally married and were all set to drive to Niagara Falls for their honeymoon. Just as they were about to leave, a phone call came in for Bern and he was heard to answer, "O.K., I'll be right over."

"But darling," said the bride, "This is our honeymoon! We're supposed to drive to Niagara Falls."

"It just can't be helped," answered Bern, "My boss told me that the company treasurer absconded with funds, and I must make an immediate audit. Tell you what, you drive the car to Niagara and I'll catch the first plane I can and meet you there."

"But suppose I arrive there before you do," she queried, "what then? What about our honeymoon?"

"In that case," replied the groom, "just start without me!"

* * *

The sailor, who had complained of severe pains in his stomach, went to Dr. Twistle. The medico had him strip for an examination, and was amazed to find him tattooed from neck to foot. On closer examination, he was even more amazed to find that the patient's member was tattooed with the word "TINY".

"Amazing, amazing," he muttered to himself. "Nurse will have to look at this."

Dr. Twistle inserted the thermometer and took advantage of the few moments to speak to Nurse Histle outside. "Goodness, Nurse Histle, take a look at the patient in the first examining room. He is tattooed from head to foot. Why, even his member is tattooed with a word — TINY."

Her curiosity aroused, pretty Nurse Histle entered the first examining room while the doctor devoted a few moments to another patient. When he thought nurse had had time to examine the sailor, he walked back to the first room and met her as she was leaving the young man.

"Well, what do you think?" he asked.

"Yes it is amazing," she answered. "But you know, the word on his member is not TINY — it's TICONDEROGA, NEW YORK."

* * *

The little Red Hen picked herself up from the road after being run over by the latest model in imported sports cars. Shaking the dust out of her feathers, she cried: "My, that was a lively little cuss, but he didn't get anywhere."

The strip-tease dancer's house caught fire,
The firemen put to test,
They had to carry the dancer out,
That made it two abreast.

* * *

Daughter came home from the state university in a condition most embarrassing for an unwed girl. She told the story of her indiscretion to her mother, who did no moaning or handwringing, but remained pale-faced during the confession, and then said:

"If you tell your father, he'll wring your neck; so don't tell him. Your brother, that idler, will tell all the boys in the pool parlor. Your sister, also a blabbermouth, will gossip all over town. Don't tell them!"

"But Mama, what about you?"

"A mother you can depend on," the older woman assured her. "I won't make any trouble. I'm going into the bathroom — and kill myself!"

* * *

The brand new married couple entrained for their honeymoon to Florida. Before long, a train conductor came thru collecting tickets. The groom, who was apparently thinking of something else, absent-mindedly handed him the marriage license.

The conductor examined the paper and said, "Young man, this may be good for a lot of rides — but not on this train."

* * *

There was a young lady named Banker
Who slept while the ship was at anchor
She work in dismay
When she heard the mate say,
"Now hoist the top sheet and spanker."

* * *

A very young lady of Wimley
When reproached for not acting quite
primly
Answered: "Heavens above!
I know sex isn't love!
But it's a very reasonable facsimile!"

* * *

Two small mice were crouched under a table in the chorus girls' dressing room of a big Broadway show.

"Wow," exclaimed the first mouse, "have you ever seen so many gorgeous legs in your life?"

"Means nothing to me," said the second. "I'm a titmouse."

* * *

DOCTOR: "Madame, I'd like to give you a thorough examination. Take off your clothes."

PATIENT: "But Dr. Smith found me perfect this morning."

DOCTOR: "So he told me."



"They're the same old tricks, but man, what showmanship!"



"Good grief, Neil! Be careful with those things!"

* * *

G.I.: "I want to buy a present for my wife."

Sweet Young Sales Lady: "Could I interest you in some net or rayon hose?"

G.I.: "Yeah, but let's get the present for my wife first."

* * *

Grandpappy: "Doc, you remember that vitality medicine you gave me last week?"

Doctor: "Yes. What about it?"

Grandpappy: "I accidentally dropped it in the well."

Doctor: "Goodness, man!" You're not drinking the water, are you?"

Grandpappy: "Heck, no! We can't even get the pump handle down."

* * *

Then there is the housewife who couldn't pay the grocer because she had given everything she had to the iceman.

* * *

A fellow we know has a broken arm he received from fighting for a woman's honor. It seems she wanted to keep it.

* * *

The Fireman came on the first of May,
The Mailman came the very same day,
Nine months later there was the devil to pay.
Who fired the first shot, the blue or the gray?

* * *

Ole Swenson was taken to a hospital with a broken leg. "How did it happen?" asked the nurse as she came to sit beside his bed to take the case history. "Well," he began, "It was twenty years ago and—" "I don't want to know what happened twenty years ago," she said impatiently, "what happened now?" Each time, however, he began the same way and finally in desperation she had to let him have his way.

"I went to work for a farmer twenty years ago," he explained, "and the first night after I went to bed, the farmer's beautiful daughter came into my room and asked if I wanted anything. I said, 'No.' The second night she came again, and this time she was clad in her nightgown. Again she asked if I wanted anything and again I told her 'No.' The third night when she came in she was almost entirely nude. I could see every curve plainly as the moonlight streamed in the window. 'Do you want anything?' she inquired warmly. 'No, thanks,' I said. 'I have had a good supper, the bed is comfortable and I feel fine.'"

I wondered at the time what she thought I could possibly want. Then yesterday, as I was shingling the roof, it came to me like a flash."

In the midst of an air raid a London M.P. saw a pretty girl in the act of crossing the street. Seeing an opportunity to combine duty with gallantry, he ran up to her side and asked: "May I convoy you to safety?"

"Certainly not!" she replied with exasperation. "The last time one of you boys convoyed me I was torpedoed twice."

* * *

One way of propositioning: "How about breakfast, baby?"

"All right. Fine. Shall I ring you—or just nudge you?"



* * *

Mistress: Something between a mister and a mattress.

* * *

Drunk staggers into bar, struggles up onto bar stool and asks for comfort station. Bartender tells him, and he struggles off stool and starts toward door.

"Go for me while you're there," yells bartender.

Drunk agrees.

After a while he returns to bar; struggles back onto stool.

"XZ&oem!" says drunk, "I forgot." He struggles back off stool and starts for door again.

After a long time he returns to struggle onto stool once more. Glowers at bartender.

"What's the matter," asks B.T.

"You ZoelboeD!" says drunk, "you didn't have to go at all."

* * *

The young doctor was taking his wife out one evening, when a pretty girl smiled and spoke to him. The wife scenting an earlier love affair, inquired:

"Who is the lady, dear?"

"Oh, just a girl I have met professionally."

"No doubt," meowed the wife, "but whose profession? Yours or hers?"

Little Artie, aged 8, was walking through the school corridor in an indecently exposed condition. (A regular exhibitionist already.) The school principal stopped him and asked for an explanation.

"It ain't my idea," spoke up Artie, "I raised my hand in class this morning, and the teacher asked me to stick it out until lunch period."

* * *

Then there was the sculptor who put his model to bed and chiseled on his wife.

* * *

A merchant of Marion, Ohio who wanted his son John to follow in his footsteps was instructing him as follows:

"Johnny, you're 16 years old now and I'm going to tell you certain important facts of life. To begin with, let's examine your hand."

First, this is the thumb, with which you hitch-hike through life.

Next, the index finger, with which you point out things.

Now comes the middle finger, which should really be called the pleasure finger, with it—but I'll tell you about that later.

And here is the ring finger, which is used for engagements and marriages.

And finally, the little finger, the pinkie, which delicately protrudes when dining."

"But Dad," interrupted Johnny (impatient and excited), "please tell me about the pleasure finger!"

"Oh, the pleasure finger," answered the merchant, "That's what you use to ring up sales on the cash register!"

* * *

A young girl brought rape charges against an elderly man and had him sentenced to jail for a long term. As he was led away, a friend approached him.

"I know you're innocent," said the friend. "Why did you plead guilty?"

"Well," admitted the gent, "the complaint was so flattering I just couldn't resist."

* * *

I am always horrified when I hear people repeat that ancient wheeze about beauty being only skin deep. One must be a cannibal to wish for much more.

* * *

Cleopatra and Mark Anthony were floating down the River Nile on her flower-bedecked barge. Cleopatra was lying on a couch; Anthony was standing before her orating.

"Cleopatra," he said, "love for you surges through me like a raging forest fire that consumes the country-side. Furthermore, O Goddess of the Nile—"

"Mark," Cleo interrupted impatiently, "I am not prone to argue."

Cohen and Teplitzky went into partnership, manufacturing contraceptives. "You know, Tep," said Cohen, "if we could only advertise this article, we could clean up a fortune."

"Nu, but how can we do that?"

"Let's go to an advertising agency," suggested the enterprising Cohen.

So they called on a number of agencies, but were indignantly shown the door at each. Back in the office, Cohen was undaunted. "Smart people, these agencies. Come in early tomorrow, Tep, old man, and I'll show you an ad that I'll write myself that all the newspapers and magazines can print."

"Yeh, yeh," said he of the old school. "The smartest advertising brains in America can't do it, and you'll write me such an ad."

But next morning, there was the ad:

If you want children
That's your business
If you don't
That's ours.

* * *

Sign in nudist colony: Gentlemen playing leap frog, please complete your leaps.

* * *

Home is where you can scratch any place that itches.

* * *

The bus driver charged a lady full fare (ten cents) for her son, who had on long pants.

At the next corner a small boy wearing short trousers paid only five cents (half fare).

At the next stop, a lady mounted the bus and the driver didn't charge her anything. Why? . . .

Don't have an evil mind—the lady had a transfer.

* * *

To my mother-in-law, who always believed sex was too good for her son-in-law.

* * *

Several scientists were discussing prostitution, the customs esoteric and indigenous to its pursuit. Said one: "It must be exceedingly dissatisfying to a person of intelligence to observe the simulation of passion which a hardened prostitute offers to her patron. I have often wondered whether there might not be some autoerotic means of inducing a real passion with each customer."

The college janitor, who was standing nearby, interrupted: "You means you wants to know how to get them hot?"

"Yes," said the professor.

"To get them hot, real hot," said the janitor, "love 'em and don't give 'em anything."



"I often wonder what my life would've been like if that zipper hadn't jammed back at Lake Tahoe in 1921."



"On the second thought, lady, maybe I'd better ask a cab driver."

They had been married a week, and this was the first morning in their new apartment. The bride awoke, rubbed the cobwebs from her eyes: and said "I'm going to make you breakfast, darling."

"Don't bother with breakfast," hubby smiled. "Let's just stay in bed."

A half hour later he got up, washed, dressed, and left for the office. When lunch-time rolled around, he returned to find his wife preparing a light meal. "I'm not hungry," he told her, "Let's go to bed."

An hour later he returned to the office. That evening, he entered the kitchen to find the missus standing in front of the stove with her dress up.

"And what are you supposed to be doing?" he asked.

She explained: "I'm just warming dinner."

* * *

SHE: I met a policeman the other day.

HE: Did you play with his club?

SHE: No, but I blew his whistle.

* * *

A man paid a visit to the local bawdy-house, and after choosing his lady of the evening the couple adjourned to an upstairs room. It was an extremely hot night, so he asked the girl if she would mind concluding their transaction on the roof. It would be cooler in the open air, he explained. She was all for the idea. She led him up to the roof, and, once there, proceeded to administer her professional services.

In the middle of their affair a strong wind suddenly began buffeting them about the roof area, but in the passion of the moment neither of them realized it. They were completely oblivious to their being rolled across the roof, down the fire escape, and into the street.

A drunk, familiar with the function of that particular building, was passing by when he beheld the couple through bleary eyes. He watched them for a moment, then walked up the steps to the house and rang the bell. A stately woman of fifty answered his ring.

"You're the Madam, ain'tcha?" he asked with faltering speech.

"Yes," she said coldly.

"Well, I just wanted to tell you," he mumbled, indicating the couple in the street, "that your sign fell down."

* * *

The unfortunate groom had to work overtime, and was delayed at the office. Before retiring, his bride of two weeks left a note on his pillow. The note read:

If I'm asleep and you want to—wake me.

If I'm awake and don't want to—
make me.

It happened at a summer resort, as so many things do. The young executive was sitting at the bar, quietly drinking himself into a stupor, when an attractive redhead sat down beside him and ordered Scotch and water. They got into a harmless conversation, and as the evening wore on they became progressively more friendly. After the umpteenth round, he leaned over and whispered in her ear.

"Let's get a bottle and go up to my room."

She focused her glassy stare on him. "I'll have you know I'm a lady," she slurred.

"I realize that. If I wanted a man I'd send home for my brother."

* * *

Negro Gal: "I wants a divorce from dat husband o' mine."

Judge: "When were you married?"

Gal: "Three days ago."

Judge: "Married only three days and you want a divorce?"

Gal: "Yas sure! Dat man is jus too much. He jus' won't let me get no sleep!"

Judge: "Well, then, you want to file your application, is that it?"

Gal: "File my application! Lawsy no! I can't even touch it wif a powder puff!"

* * *

A trio of thugs decided to heist the local Pleasure House. One made for the Madam's office to get the receipts; the second leveled a gun at the assembled menfolk; and the third led all the girls into one of the bedrooms where he ordered them down onto the floor. Wisely following orders, the girls hurriedly stretched themselves out on the floor, all facing the ceiling.

"Turn over," the gunman growled. "We came here to rob the joint, not to patronize it."

* * *

RHUMBA—An asset to good music.

* * *

Consider the ex-G.I. who took his English visitor to see his first baseball game. In the very first inning, the lead batter hit a long single and ran to first base. The second man up smashed a line-drive through the hole between second and short, and he too ran to first base. The next man walked.

"Why did the other men run to that little sack and this last one walk?" the visitor inquired.

"Well," his guest explained, "that's because he has four balls."

"Oh," said the guest, with typical British aplomb, "I guess that would slow him down a bit."

It was just before dark, and the farmer went into his chicken house to separate the roosters from the pullets, so as to ready them for the market in the morning. Putting a temporary screen partition across the middle of the henhouse, eventually he had all the roosters plus a big capon on one side, and the pullets and hens on the other.

One enterprising hen found an opening she could just squeeze through into the rooster side of the partition. It was fun over there, but she knew her place. Next morning she sifted back through this opening into her own side of the chickenry. Immediately the other hens crowded excitedly around her, and one exclaimed:

"Say, it must have been wonderful to have been in there all night with all those young boys."

"Wonderful, nothing," griped the enterprising hen, "that big capon kept me in a corner all night long and all he did was talk about his operation."

* * *

Do you love me?

Yes, dear.

Would you die for me?

No — mine is an undying love.

* * *

"Do you know how to tell a little girl sardine from a little boy sardine?"

"No."

"Look and see which can they come out of."

* * *

When Shirley got to be 28 without any prospects of getting married, her mother nagged her into inserting an ad in a matrimonial paper. The ad read:

"Beautiful, exotic young heiress seeks correspondence with devil-may-care gentlemen who wants to go places fast."

After the ad appeared, the mother asked anxiously, "Well? Any answers?"

"Just one," sighed her daughter.

"Who wrote it?" demanded Mama.

"I shouldn't tell you," said the daughter.

"But this was my idea," shouted Mama, "and I insist upon knowing."

"All right," said the daughter, "You asked for it! It was from Papa."

* * *

Three Frenchmen were discussing the meaning of *savoir faire*. The first explained: "If you come home and discover your wife in another man's arms and you say 'Excuse me,' that's *savoir faire*."

"No, no," said another who was slightly older than the first, "that's not quite right. *Savoir faire* is if you come home and find your wife in another man's arms and you say 'Excuse me, proceed'. That's *savoir faire*."

The third Frenchman was still older and wiser, and he said gravely, "No, my sons, neither of you quite understands the meaning. If you come home and discover your wife in the arms of another man and you say 'Excuse me, proceed' and he proceeds, he has *savoir faire*."

* * *



"Yes, Papa, me and Marie are pounding the grapes — a new way, Papa . . ."



"You're not afraid of them anymore?"

There was a young lady from Munich
Who had an affair with a eunuch.
At the height of their passion
He dealt her a ration
From a squirt gun concealed in his tunic.

* * *

A perverse engineer named McCooper
Constructed a bawdy computer.
It wrote off-color odes
In lascivious codes
But the pictures it drew were much cuter.

* * *

There was a young man of Devizes
Whose things were two different sizes.
One was so small
It was nothing at all,
But the other was large and won prizes.

* * *

There was a young plumber of Leigh
Who was plumbing a lass by the sea.
She exclaimed, "Stop your plumbing,
I hear someone coming!"
Said the plumber, still plumbing, "It's me!"

A passionate couple named Kelly
Are now forced to walk belly to belly
Because in their haste
They used library paste
Instead of petroleum jelly.

* * *

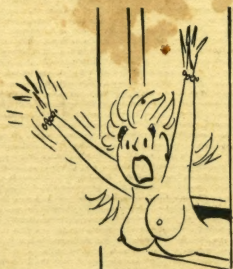
A savage old sadist from Butte
On her spouse tried a trick she thought cute.
With a sharp-pointed rule
She jabbed holes in his tool
And played on it then, like a flute.

* * *

There was a young gaucho named Bruno
Who said, "There is one thing I do know.
Women are fine
And children divine,
But the Llama is Numero Uno."

* * *

Young nymphomaniacal Kay
Was the quickest at hitting the hay.
She won general renown
And was cheered around town
As the fastest drawers in Santa Fe.



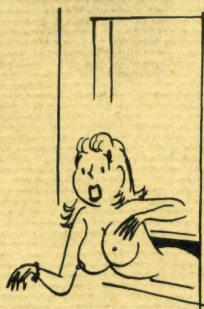
1

HOTEI



2

HOTEI



3

HOTEI



4

HOTEI